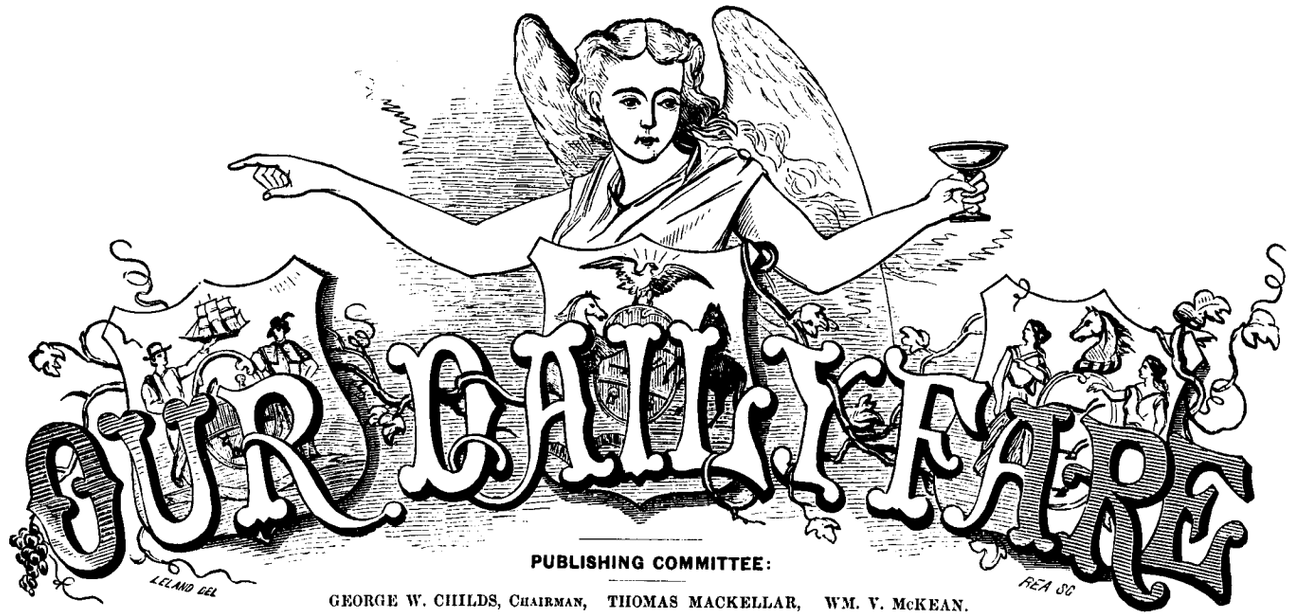

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No. 4. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 11. 1864.

THE FAIR MOVEMENT IN THE LOYAL STATES.—No. 4.

THE BOSTON FAIR.

[For the following sketch of the Boston Fair the Editorial Committee are indebted to a gentleman of Boston, who sent it in current letter-form to CHARLES J. STILLE, Esq., the writer of the preceding sketches on the same general subject.]

IT was early in the month of May of the last year that some of the members of the Committee on Finance of the New England Branch of the Sanitary Commission, fearing there would be some difficulty in the autumn in obtaining means to carry on the necessary work to be done in the city of Boston, (there had been a monthly subscription promised during most of the summer,) started the project of holding a ladies' fair on a small scale. It was first proposed to hold it in the early autumn, hoping to realize some $20,000 or $25,000, but as the affair progressed the time of holding the Fair was postponed until the second week of December, and the general interest expressed by the ladies of Boston and vicinity led us to suppose that we should realize a large amount—but no one thought of over $50,000. During the summer the interest increased, and in the autum we began to look round for a suitable building in which to hold the Fair. The Committee did not, even then, realize the large amount of work that had been done, and the space that was needed to display the materials which would be brought together. Indeed, there was no more eligible place than the Music Hall, unless we could have obtained the Boston Theatre, that is, the Academy of Music. But as the Fair would be held in the height of the theatrical season, the amount of rent and other necessary expenses to fit it up were considered too much for the extent of the proposed Fair. There was no other large building in the city, and no two halls near to each other that could be combined for the use of the Fair, and as for the risk of expending a sum sufficient to erect a building on purpose, it was considered too much, and the inclemency of that season of the year would not make it prudent for the ladies who had to tend the tables.

We had no money given to us, neither did we ask for donations of money or material before the Fair commenced. There were no committees formed to procure gifts from the different trades and other classes of society. The only intention or expectation of the managers was a "ladies' fair." One of the first gifts to the Fair was the portrait of WASHINGTON by PEALE, received from Philadelphia about a month before the Fair was opened. It was subscribed for $500, and presented to the Union Club. It was about the same time that we heard that some of our friends in the State of New Hampshire intended to send us a steam fire engine, and that the same had already found a purchaser in the city of Pittsburg for $4,000. There were also sent from New Hampshire other machines, sleighs, wagons and harness, and a number of sheep. The net receipts for articles from that State was a little over $10,000. From Vermont we received some butter, cheese, &c., but the whole amount received from other States than New Hampshire was very small.

Thus you see, without the long list of donations to commence with, which fairs that have taken place since ours have had, and with no contributions from other cities of any amount, or from abroad, we were enabled to realize the net amount of nearly $147,000. (I have delayed sending this, in hopes to be able to give you some of the particulars of receipts from the different tables, entrance money, &c., and the expenditures, but the absence of the Treasurer, who has the papers, will prevent it.)

At the time of the Fair, we had a small collection of paintings of the old masters, and a few fine modern pictures on exhibition at the gallery of the Athenæum, which netted, I think, about $1500. There were also a series of private theatricals and tableaux during the two weeks of the Fair, which netted some $2200. There was also a small room devoted to a fine collection of curiosities.

Although the Fair in Boston was not held until after the one in Chicago, yet I believe it was projected some time before that, and we think our example gave an impulse to other cities to raise money for the use of the Sanitary in this way.

Samuel CARPENTER, a friend and counsellor of PENN, and one of the largest proprietors, speaking in council in defence of the provincial laws, in 1693, declared, "If now they are our laws, I will stand by them. I would rather lose all that I have in the world than part with our laws." His successors cannot but largely participate in this patriotic feeling.

It is for the maintenance of our laws and government that our soldiers have shed their blood and yielded their lives. Those who have risked life but yet live, ask us to help heal their wounds, to relieve their suffering, to raise them from the low languishment of fevers, and the lower prostration of barbarian starvation and exposures of rebel prisons. All Christians confess themselves subject to the captaincy of One who commanded and commands His followers to do good, even unto enemies. Shall Christians then refuse to minister to those who have risked all, and suffered all but death to befriend and defend them? Though we may not have sent them to the battle-field, have not put arms and ammunition into their hands, yet they are here among us, maimed, bleeding, suffering from patriotic devotion to their country! Shall we not lend a hand to relieve them? Let the answer come by expressive deeds.

ELI K. PRICE,
Chairman of Committee.

If there were ever noble words, nobly spoken, these are of them; and we are glad that the Friends of Philadelphia—our own dear old city—have so able and eloquent an advocate of a great and holy cause.

A statesman is nothing without a Post or an Office—the Fair presents them both combined in a "letter-ary" institution whose hidden stores of attractions are, as we learn, far superior to anything ever offered before at any fair in America. A striking feature is presented in the fifty cent "gift letters," containing each an attractive present, which forms an agreeable souvenir of the Fair.

The merry Signor BLITZ is in the avenue running along Race street, and adjoining the Children's Department. Exhibitions are given afternoon and evening, and no more popular man can be found within the Fair Buildings than BLITZ, the magician. WILLIE BAGLEY, the wonderful Wisconsin drummer boy, assists in this department. Although not near so tall as his drum, and but four years of age, his skill is surprising.

WE call special attention to the following: The public visiting the CENTRAL FAIR are cautioned to be on their guard against *pick-pockets*, numbers of which are in the city for the purpose of reaping a harvest, The Police report that the principal ones are women.

At ten o'clock, last evening, the vote for the sword stood as follows:

MEADE	369
HANCOCK	411
MCCLELLAN	21
GRANT	22
SHERMAN	1
WARREN	1
Total	765

In four instances, $100 was paid for votes for General HANCOCK.

ODE BY THE PRINCE OF WALES.

The following exquisite poem, contributed to *Our Daily Fare* by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, should have appeared in our first number, but, unfortunately, it arrived too late. Had the Executive Committee known that it was so near at hand, the Fair would have been postponed for a day or two, in order that so distinguished a visitor might have been received with all the honors. In a private note, which we shall offer for sale at the close of the Fair, H. R. H. assures us that he has introduced an original pun into each stanza, in recognition of the world-wide reputation of Philadelphia punsters. We have detected most of them, and give our readers the advantage of our editorial notes.

ORIGINAL POEM
WRITTEN BY
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.
[For Our Daily Fare.]

I am the monarch of the deep,
My kingdom stretches many a mile,
Let, wheresoe'er my squadrons sweep,
I never leave my native ISLE.

(Capital! *very* like a whale! Isle, see "Ile," corruption of Oil. Admirable!
Editor.)

I never mourn the woes of life,
Or weep, like some complaining lubber;
And yet, if you should ask my wife,
She'd say I have an endless BLUBBER.

(Good again! The play is evidently on the word *blubber*. The allusion to ALEXANDRA is very touching.)

Yes! once I wept, I will admit.
When Jonah, for his coward fears,
Was locked up in his dungeon-pit,
I did become a WALE OF TEARS.

(H. R. H. is splendid! Don't you see? "Wale of Tears;" he means *whale* of tears. Ha! ha!)

Fatigue I know not. Heat and cold
Ne'er cross my pathway to deter me;
Onward I rush, and naught can hold,
For all my nature is To SPUR ME.

(Deep—very deep! It can only be detected by a rapid utterance of the last three words, by which they resemble *too spermy*. It is a beautiful idea.)

I never spoke a single word,
Since I have roamed the world about;
And yet Demosthenes was heard
To wish that he like me could SPOUT.

(The classics of Oxford sparkle in every line. Spout is used to denote speech-making, and also the ejection of large volumes of water.)

No authors we, yet we have moved
One half creation with our tales;
And we the tradesman's rule have proved,
"SMALL PROFITS MAKE THE QUICKEST SALES."

(We nearly came to grief over this last stanza. Could'nt see it at all. Fortunately, a friend helps us to the suggestion that the reference is to a celebrated rapid whaling voyage made by one of the minor prophets in ancient days. Admirable Royal Highness! are we right?)

"GO AND DO LIKEWISE."

The following extract from a letter written by a soldier honorably discharged from service, is offered for publication in hopes the noble and self-denying example set by one who never expected the knowledge of his good deed to be extended beyond the very limited circle of his own friends, will suggest similar sacrifices to others. The writer of the letter is a young man who has a strong desire for a better education than his means allow; and he has worked during one season to earn money to pay for his schooling the next. But his own simple words better explain the man, and illustrate his views and principles. He says:

"I suppose you have been expecting to hear from me that I have installed myself in a good school, and am wading far into the depths of study; but I am sorry to say that circumstances have worked against me. The poet says: 'Who does the best his circumstances allow, does well, acts nobly—angels could no more.'

"I have endeavored to do the best I possibly could; but in consequence of there being an urgent call for volunteers, to hold up the supremacy of the laws, and bear aloft the Stars and Stripes triumphantly throughout our broad and fertile land, I paid my money into the Volunteer Bounty Fund, in order that the demand on our township might be filled. We had no difficulty in filling the quota for the first call, but I am unable to tell whether they have raised the quota under the last call or not. I am about seventy miles from home, and have not heard from there since I commenced my new duties, but am expecting news every mail. I reflected considerably on the propriety of my enlisting when the call was made for volunteers; but I finally concluded it was useless for me to try it again, for the reason that my first experience was an entire failure. I was all expense to 'Uncle Sam,' and very little profit. The exposure that a soldier is compelled to endure, is more than my constitution will bear. Therefore I resolved to remain where I am, and give my means toward paying those who are able and willing to go, provided those who are dependent on them are cared for, and I think it is the imperative duty for those who remain within their own quiet households to sacrifice many of the comforts and enjoyments of life, to relieve the wants and aid in the maintenance of those who are dependent on the soldier. The one that will not do that much for his country is not worthy of its strong arm of protection, and positively should not receive it; but rather should be sent into the heart of the DAVIS dynasty, to there learn what oppression and unconstitutional measures *are*."

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IN HOSPITAL.

[Written for "Our Daily Fare."]

BY EDITH MAY.

Lying here in a hospital ward
Is mighty fine, for a fortnight or so;
But a man can't eat jelly all day, you know.
Oh, for a turn in the hospital yard,
Side by side, up and down, with the guard.
Oh, for a "Forward March!" but, oh,
With no fingers to feel for my rifle lock,
And a leg full of springs, like a Yankee clock,
I couldn't very well go.

I've been in most of the battles out West,
And I fight them over again
Many a time when I seem to rest,
Lying here in the hospital ward,
Dozing by day or dreaming by night.
Our Western boys fight hard,
And every battle's "the bloodiest yet;"
But there's one we are none of us like to forget:
I mean that two day's fight,
Begun on a Sunday, an hour before light;
Just such a sunshiny, breezy day
As this; but early in April—not May;
And the orchard off to our left was red
With sweet peach blossoms, like that on the hill
Yonder. They drifted over our dead;
They were pelted down when the rain fell hard
That night. How plain I can see them still,
Lying here in the hospital ward.

'Twas Shiloh—Shiloh! you know it well,
You read it all in the *Herald* and *Times;*
They told it better than I can tell.
One of our boys put it into rhymes
How bravely they fought. There's no need to boast;
Look over the lists—what more do you want?
We were Western men, and our leader was Grant
Yet, but for Buell, the day was lost.

You know how they crowded us back to the bluff—
Horses and wagons, and batteries and men,
Jammed right together. 'Twas pretty rough;
There was no more practical joking then,
(Such as hitting a fellow a clip with a stone,
Which he takes for a bullet, and, hand to his side,
Turns pale on the sudden, and thinks himself gone.)
Nobody there had the heart for a joke;
Faces were ghastly, and eyes were set
As if they looked inward, and forget.
Only shells from the gunboats flying
Kept them from driving us into the tide
That was swift below. Then out of the hush,
Clear through the silence, somebody spoke:
"Buell is come!" Was it truth or lying?
Up from the river there came a gush
Of music, to our doubts replying.

Over the river came Buell's men,
Playing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and then
Such a cheer went up as never before
Made the woods out in Tennessee rattle and roar.
Oh, the Star-Spangled Banner! Oh, boys, do you wonder,
With its folds looped above me, and I sleeping under,
I fight over battles in dreams, and fight hard,
Lying here in the hospital ward?

LINES GIVEN WITH A PAPER GLOVE.

There's a legend of the Rabbins old,
Which I learned in a distant land,
That the leaf of the early Tree of Life
Was shaped like a human hand.

That Tree first taught mankind to love,
And this glove I send to thee
I really think—pray what think you?
Is a leaf from that very tree!

POP GOES THE EASEL.

BY L. H.

Thanks to the locomotive, long journeys can be quickly made, and at the time of the New York Sanitary Fair, I, a quiet individual from the City of Brotherly Love, found myself, in less than five hours after deciding upon the trip, amid the bustle and turmoil of Gotham.

The Fourteenth street building being the great attraction, I wended my way thither, and having determined to spend greenbacks freely in the good cause, I wandered about, looking for something in which utility and ornament should be combined. Shoes that would fit Goliath—gloves made for a Lilliputian—bells without clappers—and every kind of worthless trumpery was offered by pretty saleswomen.

One bright-eyed girl called my attention to a beautiful easel, six feet in height. She soon persuaded me a parlor was an unfurnished room without this piece of furniture, and having paid the money, my purchase was sent to a carriage. The driver was obliged to put it in front of him, the legs projecting at least four feet over the side. I gave my order to drive to the Philadelphia depot, and lay back on the cushions meditating upon the brilliant scene I had just left. The carriage stopped suddenly, and my dreams were rudely interrupted by fearful imprecations and oaths. Looking out of the window I found my coachman engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict. The projecting easel had scratched a barouche coming up Broadway; the coachman struck my driver with his whip; Paddy replied with an equally hard cut, and the two were now fighting the matter out. Watch in hand, I implored the combatants to cease their struggle. Words were vain, but my man, being the stronger of the two, threw down his opponent, mounted the box quickly, and, to avoid police, drove to the ferry at a break-neck pace.

The boat had pushed from the wharf, when I made a bounding spring, and the easel and myself landed with a thump upon the boards, encouraged by cheers and laughter from all spectators. We reached Kensington without further adventure; but there, sad to relate, no carriage was to be found. I dragged my long-legged companion after me, boys stumbling over the end, and myself in an inward state of rage not easily described. A passenger car was at last reached; but, horror of horrors, the easel was so tall that it could not be gotten through the door. Chilled and heart-sick, I stood outside, embracing my awkward bundle, almost tempted to consign it to a watery grave; or, to speak more plainly, to throw it in the gutter. Home was at last reached. Not a corner in the house could be found large enough to hold it; and after all my vexation, what could I do put present it to the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair?

Should this unvarnished history meet the eye of a second purchaser, I advise him to profit by my experience. Give it back to the Art Gallery, rash man—avoid the trouble you are bringing upon yourself, and smilingly accept thanks for unexpected generosity from the attractive maiden who sold it to you,—and you with *it!*

"ALL'S FAIR IN WAR."

General SCOTT proposed, it is said, that this should be a war of infantry. General MACLELLAN thought of making it one of artillery.

A friend of ours, who is in the Commission business, still holds, apparently, to the artillery theory in another department. He thinks that the wounded soldiers should be managed entirely by the great Canonists.

It certainly is not a bad idea that a man after he has been badly Cannoned should be well Canonized. To be sure it is the very reverse of the old saying that *nitrum* succeeded *mitrum*, and Salt Petre came *after* Saint PETER.

For our own part, we wish "everybody luck all around," and sincerely trust, heart and soul, that in the noble rivalry of doing good every one may win. "Benevolence," in the language of the virtuous SUGGS, "is the only lottery where there is nary blank."

A MODEL LETTER.

We commend the following to any wealthy gentleman desirous of "improving an opportunity:"

"PHILADELPHIA, March 14, 1864.

"CALEB COPE, Esq.:

"*My Dear Sir:* I enclose you two donations for the 'Great Central Fair for the Sanitary Commission.' First, a check for fifty dollars; and a word or two in reference to this amount may induce others to do likewise. A portion of this sum is the proceeds from a sale of useless articles which had been accumulating for years, and only needlessly occupying room in our house, and I thought the best disposition I could make of them would be to sell them and give the money resulting, to your Fair, and here it is, with an amount added to make it an even fifty dollars. The second donation is the deed for a lot of ground in the Fifteenth Ward. You may ask, 'What are we to do with a donation of this kind?' Put it in the hands of an auctioneer and sell it, and apply the proceeds, through your noble Commission, to assist the brave boys who are fighting our battles while we are enjoying the comforts of our homes and the blessings of that Government which they are fighting to defend! The proceeds of this lot will do them more good than it will me or my children. You may desire to know something of its value, and I will say, therefore, that it cost me $600 in exchange for other property, and it ought to bring at public sale $500. But sell it for what it will bring, and I will make the title when the sale is effected; and that God may bless you in your noble work and preserve our country, is the prayer of

"A MEMBER OF THE UNION LEAGUE."

At the time of our Fair, there had been no objections made by either those in authority, or those who claim to have in charge the public morals, to the system of raffles, which had been extensively used in most all fairs, both for the Church and other public charities. We therefore made large use of that means of disposing of articles of large value, and realized many thousands of dollars by it, more than we should otherwise have done.

Everything received and sold at the Fair was altogether for the benefit of the Fair. Nothing was received on commission, nor sold that a portion only of the price received should be for the Fair. Every article received and sold was a *free* gift.

SERGEANT MILLER ON THE SANITARY.

NO. 2.

HUCKLEBERRY, PA., [On the Merryland Border,] May 15, 18,00,4.

To the Editer of the *Daly Fare.*

Respectd Sir

I have all ready Communicated to yo in Detale how i cleered out my Stoar by hole Sale .....Bestowing the entire contence on the Saniterry by the perliteness of Miss Elizth. Morris.....witch per Liteness was rather a Heviness on me for a few minets the neckst Morning wen i fownd that her Sweetness had carried away even a smawl privet bottle of Bitters.....[kep for Medisinel perpesses soally.]

'Lett it go!' i exclamed seeting myself on the Counter.....i know as shure as shooting that it wil be aplide to the mouth of sum brave fellow in distres.....i have seen the Time my Self.....wen i wood have giv all my Postle Cureney for fore thirds of two haves of it..... "My tern to day and yourn to morrow" like as the Been Vine sed wen it grew round the Punkin Stem.....Sudenly i herd a Sound as of Stepps gratin on the Gravvle .....witch it was .....and Old man Morris.....father of betsey .....Entrd. with a jeniel glo on his feechers.

'Has ther been a Rade of Rebels.....did they clare ye out Sonny.....lef ye nathin t' bless yerself weth.....[The oald man cums frum oaver the Border.]

'Nothin much.....that's on Record,' wus my heroick repply.

Lookin me very stidaly in the Fase.....i may say Stearnly.....the Oald man perdusd from his Pockit the Bottl of Bitters witch had skedaddld. With a Twincle in his Eye, witch sloaly beemed into a smile over his tand and rinkled fase he sed:

"I savd *that* frum the inemy, Sonny .....they couldent chate the old man, *haw, haw, haw!* Yer Poppy stood by yer, Sonny, an filld it up fresh from the barl."

Knowin the etiket of good sosicty i at wunst extractd two tumbelers from a closet.....as we embibed he remarkd: "I've been scoldin Betsy, Sarjint.....given her awful misery..... fur robbin yer. I punisht her, I tell yer."

"And if any body else had done it," says I, "I'd a given him the best one handed wallopin this county ever perduced."

"Easy Sarjint," ses the old man, "Easy over the stones! But sense you *hev* give away yer stock, sumthin must be done. Providence ollers pays its dets, Sonny.....interest on interest.....but then it gives a mitey long note .....sumtimes. Now it was my gal put ye in for this, Sarjint, and I must help make it strate."

So it cum out that the old man offered to lone me the munny to get goin agane in twist better stile than befor.....like as the snaik sed wen he got a new suit.....and talkin it all over, we got over to his Howse to breckfust—witch was a site to bechold, with Betsey and the old woman, her mother a waiten.—So we talkd and talkd till we most arangd to go on to Philadelphy together.....me to by goods, and Betsy to see the Sannitery peeple.

But the old woman was down on this manoover. In vane did the old man exclame in his perswasevest notes: "*Olty, sell is just was du ollaweil ge wanted hast,*".....meening thereby, "Old Lady.....that is just what you've always wanted to do." In vane did Betsey and myself pore forth our best Dutch.....for wunst "blarney was of no use," as Gineral Swipes of Harrisburg sed wen he was axidentally called a gentleman....."*Sist nix dort gut zu essa,*"....." There is nothing there fit to eat," .....was her constent reply. Suddenly an idea seamed to eluminate the mind of her daughter, and flyen to a corner she perdused a bil.....witch the old Mommy after she had got on her spectacles found to be as follows:

RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT
OF THE
GREAT CENTRAL FAIR
IN AID OF THE
U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION,
To be held in Philadelphia in June next.

PENNSYLVANIA KITCHEN.

Mrs. H. P. M. BIRKENBINE, Chairman.

The Committee for the Pennsylvania Kitchen solicit donations of the good things peculiar to the Kitchens of our State.

Ofenbrod,	Blau-berge-thee,
Zwieback,	Mierchaum,
Zucker-pretzels,	Pfeffer-kuchen,
Pretzels,	Leb-kuchen,
Waffles,	Smear-kase,
Krollers,	Apfel-fleeders,
Fastnacht,	Summer-wurst,
Trichter-kuchen,	Kase,
Noodles,	Lot werk,

Damp-knauf und Schnitz, &c., &c., &c.

'Meina sechs!' cride the old lady.....'what does it all meen?'.....She spoke Dutch..... witch i put into pewr inglish. "Here is nuthin but good old Dutch vittles.....you dont say the Sannetary folks up in Philadelphy feeds on *them?*".....She farely wept with egsitement Att the new sensatien, like as the Apel sed when he found hisself in the sider press.

"*Ja Mutter,*" ses Betsey....."they aint to have ennything else to ete, wile the Fare lasts egsept *Ofen-kooken, Spek mit Eier* and such like."

"The reeson is Mam," ses I....."that they've gone the rounds of all sorts of furren eligances and daily-kisses.....Frentch and Italien and Afriken cookery.....an now by way of the strongest sort of a novelty have concluded to try ther own native vittles sutch as is maid in ther own Stait at ther own dores, an soald in ther own markit."....."It's my privet opinyun that they'll find the best cums last'.....like as the jackas sed wen he cum late to the party."

'Blessins on that Missus Birkenbine!' cride the Oald lady....."I must reely go up to Philadelphy, Betsey my deer, an see her with these oald eyes, an help her with the good oald Dutch cookin. It woant be rite Ime afeerd if I aint ther.....an I know a heep of good things that the young fokes now-a-days has forgott.....*Sell is wahr!*"

All day long Mommy Morris did nothing but talk abowt Missus Birkinbine, an poak about, lookin up things to taik to the pore starved soals in Philadelphy. I looked in that afternoon an found a full conventikle of oald Dutch wimmin seated around her, each bizzy with sum ansient and astoundin Preperatien .....all talkin Dutch to thät degree, you'd hev thought Yourself in a Sawmil in a gale of wind.

To the mitey and stoopendos efforts..... witch i made in compeny with Betsy.....a raisin suplize for the Sanitery.....modesty forbids me to Elude..... A little tribewt witch was pade to me.....wil however be Described in my neckst letter.

Your Freind

ISAIAH MILLER.

Late Sergt. Co. C. 941st Regt. P. V.

THE TURKISH DIVAN.

A meditative smoker in this cozy apartment, where one might almost believe in the Koran and forget the Western world, acquainted with the hook-and-eye letters of Arabic, has translated one of the "arabesques"—flourishes and all—thus:

Fatima's eyes inflamed his heart;
He fed the fire—he was but man—
Tobacco bought: "All ends in smoke,"
Thus spoke, and entered the Divan.

To which an indignant lady who has just read the MS., replies:

There's where he ought to go—the Turk!
Nor to Fatima's love aspire;
Of battle he might smell the smoke,
But he could not, I'm sure, stand fire!

JULIN:

AN ORIGINAL POEM, WRITTEN FOR "OUR DAILY FARE," BY EMANUEL GEIBEL.

We lay with pleasure before our readers one of two poems written for our journal by EMANUEL GEIBEL, the greatest living poet of Germany. The translation is by our colleague, Mrs. ROBERT M. HOOPER, who chances to have made a specialty of translating from this writer, as is shown in the greater portion of an exquisite little volume by her, which has recently been published by F. LEYPOLDT, consisting of lyrics from GEIBEL.

In explanation of the poem, we would state that Julin, or Vinetum, was a flourishing city in the 8th century, on the Baltic coast, but which, like Agnanum, near Naples, or the glorious city built by the god Baly, of Indian legend, sunk beneath the waves.

JULIN.

Es rauscht der Wind, es rinnt die Welle,
Befluegelt schwebt das Schiff dahin;
An jenes Kreidefelsens Schwelle
Dort, sagt der Schiffer, lag Julin.
Julin die hohe Stadt am Sunde,
Die still die Meerflut ueberschwoll;
Wie klingte die fablehafte Kunde
Mir heut ans Herz erinnrungsvoll!
Ich denk' an meiner Kindheit Tage,
Da mir, von Maerchenlust beseelt,
Die Schwester jene Wundersage
Des Abends vor der Thuer erzaehlt.
Noch steht's mir deutlich im Gemuethe:
Wir sassen auf der Bank von Stein,
Am Nachbarhaus die Linde bluehte,
Am Himmel quoll des Mondes Schein.
Die Schlanken Zackengiebel hoben
So ernst sich wo der Schatten fiel
Und dann und wann erklang von oben
Von Sankt Marien das Glockenspiel.
Dann ging's hinein zum Nachtgebete
Und linder Schlaf umfing mich drauf;
Ich baute die versunk'nen Staedte
Im Traume praechtig wieder auf.
O Knabentraume rein und helle
O Jugendlust wo gingt ihr hin!
Es rauscht der Wind, es rinnt die Welle,—
Wo sind Vineta und Julin?

JULIN.

Soft sighs the breeze, soft flows the wave,
Swift flies the vessel on her way;
To yonder ledge of chalky rock,
"There," says the Captain, "Julin lay."

Julin, the city by the sea,
Swept by the silent flood away,
How comes the old tradition back,
To my rememb'ring heart to-day!

I think how in my childhood's days,
My soul rejoiced in fabled lore,
My sister many a wondrous tale
Told me at eve beside the door.

Clearly my mind recalls the scene,
We sat upon a bench of stone,
In the next garden lindens bloomed,
The moon in heaven brightly shone.

The slender Gothic gables rose
Solemnly where the shadows fell,
And now and then rung out o'erhead
The chimes from sweet Saint Mary's bell.

Then, in we went to nightly prayer,
Then slumber soothed my childish brain,
And I the buried cities built
In splendor in my dreams again.

O boyish dreams, so bright, so pure,
O youthful joys, where did you flee?
Soft sighs the breeze, soft flows the wave,—
Julin—Vineta—where are ye?

OUR OWN GREAT CENTRAL FAIR.

The New Jersey Department---Facts, Fancy, and Gossip.

OUR Great Central Fair is a success more complete than its most sanguine friends dreamed of. Thousands have been realized where hundreds were expected; hundreds came in the place of tens, and mites have rolled up into tens with most marvelous rapidity. The crowd of visitors yesterday and last evening were without precedent, the doors being besieged for hours before they were opened, and every part of the vast range of buildings being overrun during the entire day and evening. The scene was of that description which sets description at defiance, all known adjectives failing to convey any adequate idea of the real condition of things at the Fair.

NEW JERSEY.

Both New Jersey and Delaware united heartily in the enterprise which has culminated in the Great Central Fair, and the citizens of those States have been lavish in their contributions to the good cause. Two avenues are set apart for the display of goods from these States, and no visitor to the Fair can avoid calling in and taking a peep at the host of beautiful articles on exhibition.

New Jersey has the avenue running north of Union avenue and Eighteenth street. In the decorations and the general arrangement of the goods great taste has been shown. The large number of the battle-stained and torn flags of New Jersey Regiments has allowed the decorator full scope, and the result is very creditable. General GEORGE M. ROBESON, JAMES H. STEVENS, Camden, Judge CARPENTER, and ALEX. G. CATTELL, were very active in the work of collecting articles for the exhibition, and their efforts have been crowned with success. They are still busily engaged in looking after the interest of their State, and are determined that New Jersey shall not be slighted in the immense mass of good things brought together in the Central Fair.

Camden, Burlington, Cumberland, Trenton, Gloucester, Salem and West Jersey have separate tables, and on each the ladies offer for sale a tempting array of fancy and useful articles.

Gloucester sends a model of "Uncle Abe's Old Kentucky home," and no doubt the competition among bidders for this log-house will produce abundant revenue to the table. The same table contains a number of handsome vases of flowers, together with articles falling under the general head of "Lingerie."

Burlington offers pyramids of flowers, fancy articles, children's clothing, and a miscellaneous collection, whose value is much increased by their skillful arrangement with a view to attract purchasers. Burlington will not be left in the lurch when the grand settlement day comes around.

Cumberland, Salem and Camden have very fine displays of fancy goods, toys, &c., &c., and the presence of handsome young lady attendants will prove a sore trial to the young men who unsuspectingly wander into this department. If there is any spare cash needed outside the Fair buildings, do not allow these young ladies an opportunity of transfixing you with a glance from their bright eyes. Our people will be surprised to find what a number of pretty girls Jersey can produce at short notice.

Trenton furnishes a supply of books, and also a magnificent scarf, valued at $200, and which is to be sold for the benefit of the Commission. A table devoted to "EWING & ASYLUM, Croswick," is crowded with goods, and a purchaser will be hard to please indeed if nothing suitable can be found here. The ladies in attendance are very obliging, and do not charge for showing the goods. Step up and look at them. The flag of the 9th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers is part of the drapery at this table.

West Jersey is not behind her neighbors, either in the value of her collection or in the beauty of the articles. Close by this table are a number of interesting curiosities. We may only call attention to them, as the visitor is expected, of course, to examine this Department before leaving the building.

Mrs. SARAH SMITH STAFFORD, of Trenton, exhibits a large collection of articles. The following is a list of some of these:

A piece of the scarf or mantilla worn by Mrs. ROSE STANDISH, wife of MILES STANDISH, of Mayflower celebrity; also a piece of her Court dress. There is but little left of these articles. In this connection, there is exhibited a silver teaspoon which belonged to JOHN ALDEN, "J. L. A.," with the arms—a dove is engraved upon the handle. JOHN ALDEN was a bosom friend of MILES STANDISH. MILES was a shrewd leader and wise man, but he did one foolish thing; he delegated ALDEN to do his courting. This proved to be such pleasant business that MILES STANDISH lost, and JOHN ALDEN gained, a wife. LONGFELLOW, the poet, persists in calling the lady who put off the old love for the new, "PRISCILLA;" but Miss STAFFORD, who is a descendant of the Standish family, states that "LYDIA" was the name of the faithless damsel.

A yard stick, brought over in the Mayflower in 1620, is also in the collection, together with a number of revolutionary articles, formerly the property of EPHRAIM BACON, a prominent man in those days.

Our Daily Fare.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE 11, 1864.

OPEN AGAIN.

IT is really wonderful how a Fair grows on one. We hardly were conscious of it, until it closed upon us so unexpectedly for a few hours on Wednesday. We were just getting into the spirit of it, and were looking forward to an uninterrupted stretch of enjoyment, when we had an afternoon and evening thrown upon our hands. But like a great many of the disappointments of life, it was a fortunate circumstance for us, and we have no doubt for all of those engaged about the Fair. The labor of preparation had been very great, and most people had got very much behindhand in sleeping and eating when the Fair opened. The excitement kept us all up, and no one realized how tired he or she was, until an opportunity of repose presented itself. The break has, in nautical language, enabled us to make up our "lee way," and we start anew, fresh and vigorous. The tables are all dressed, the goods all arranged, the prices all marked, so that the business of life is now literally to buy or to sell. Therefore, in the words of IAGO, "Put money in thy purse."

We would suggest, for the benefit of strangers, that they had better proceed with a little method in this business. Probably it would be as well to begin the day as they do at home, by eating a very hearty breakfast at the restaurant, upon all the delicacies of the season. They then might get their letters from the Post-Office, and read the newspaper. This supposes that they have subscribed for the newspaper, which is of course essential. Then, as in every day life, they would probably desire to express their opinions about the Generals and the politicians of the day, which they could do by going to several stands where their opinion would not only be received, but recorded for the moderate sum of one dollar. They could give their favorite, swords, daggers, dressing gowns and other things too numerous to mention. Not being anxious to be troubled with too many heavy things to take home, this subscribing for other people is an immense saving of freight, the charges on which are now very high.

These are the things which everybody does. We now come down to individual tastes, and where advice is more difficult. If you have a wife, let her buy for you; if you have not, go to the table of any beautiful young girl and she will give you the most disinterested advice on the subject. Don't go about looking for something that you want. You should have but one want at a Fair, the want of spending your money, and if you don't satisfy that in your first visit,—call again.

WHAT "SPECIAL RELIEF" MEANS.

A city correspondent, evidently gifted with a talent for investigation, wants to know what the "Sanitary people" mean by "special relief." He shrewdly observes that a great deal of money is devoted to this branch of the service, and he would like to have it made plain to his understanding who or what the objects are, that are so particularly cared for under this peculiar head. What may be the nature of his speculations or suspicions in the premises we can only conjecture. He may regard this relief as spirituous rather than spiritual, more in the nature of enjoyment for the Commissioners than for the comfort of the soldiers. Not to put too fine a point upon the matter, it may mean brandy and water, and cigars and things. He is clearly in the state of mind of that fine figurative orator who "smells a rat, hears it brewing in the storm, and is resolved to nip it in the bud."

Of course we feel it incumbent on our editorial staff to answer the question. This, then, is the nature of "special relief." It often happens that a soldier, on his way to the field, arrives in Washington who is not so sick as to have a claim on a General Hospital, but who may get seriously ill unless he receives prompt and generous attention. That man is the subject of "special relief." He is conveyed at once to a snug and home-like establishment, in the vicinity of the depot, under the care of the Sanitary Commission. In a few days he is made strong again, and sent away physically capable to do service at the front.

Again: here comes a soldier from the field, honorably discharged for disability. He gets to Washington without money, and may have to wait there a day or two, or perhaps many days, if his papers are blundered, before he can get his pay. Now what is he to do in the meantime; he has no further claim on the Government, and is penniless, and in a strange place? Is he to be left to starve or to beg? Such a man is taken in hand for "special relief" by the agents of the Sanitary Commission. He is provided with food and lodgings, and, as soon as he is paid, is sent on his way rejoicing.

On other occasions, and almost hourly sometimes, soldiers, honorably discharged, reach the city with their clothes all soiled and tattered from unavoidable hard usage. They are not only unclean and unsightly to the eye, but so unwholesome as to put the soldier's health in peril. Would any one see an American soldier, in this war, parading the streets in such a guise? Of course not, and such men are therefore subjects of "special relief," being made clean and decent in their apparel before they are forwarded to their homes.

Cases of the kind specified are multitudinous. But they are only examples. "Special relief" takes care of all discharged invalids while they are waiting for their papers; acts as their agent when too feeble to attend at the paymaster's office in person; secures their railroad tickets at reduced rates; protects them against the sharpers who haunt the railway depots; rescues them from dens of dissipation when they are induced to remain in Washington by evil companions, and sends them to their homes; and is, in short, *the* Good Samaritan of the cause.

THE RIGHT VIEW OF THE CASE.

Soon after the commencement of the Revolutionary War a farmer, residing near Philadelphia, addressed his neighbors as follows: "I have observed that some of you are surprised that, with so many inducements as I have to remain at *home*, I should quit my family for the fatigues and dangers of war. I am an *American*, and determined to be free. I was born free; I have never forfeited my birthright, nor will I ever—like Esau—sell it for a mess of pottage I will part with my life sooner than my liberty. God Almighty gave me my life and my property, and as a necessary means among others, that of preserving and enjoying it; and it is only *He* that hath an absolute right and power to take it away. Let no one, therefore, wonder if of all earthly comforts my Creator has bestowed on me, I do most esteem my *liberty*."

AN APPROPRIATE TRIBUTE.

A number of our fellow-citizens desirous of expressing, in some manner, their gratitude to General MEADE, who, with his brave army at Gettysburg, saved our city from violation and outrage, presented to his wife, on the day of the opening of our Fair, a handsome residence completely furnished. It was fit that there should be some lasting memorial of such services, and it was highly appropriate that he, who had been so instrumental in preserving the homes and firesides of us all, should be provided by his fellow-citizens with a home and fireside of his own.

The General has earned new laurels upon every field in which his heroic army has since been engaged. He adds to the obligations more rapidly than we can acknowledge them. And though we cannot adequately requite his services, it will cheer him, in his high career of honor and duty, to feel that at least we are not unmindful of them.

ORNITHOLOGICAL.

England is justly proud of her NIGHTINGALE, the music of whose good deeds rang world wide — but what should our pride be who have seen, in this land, since the war begun, scores of thousands of suffering soldiers relieved by a countless choir of "Nightingales," each not inferior to her whose surname is FLORENCE —truly the beautiful.

entering, would confer a real favor on the fair attendants. Any one who will watch the puzzled, flurried look on the faces of some of our *belle amateur* shop-keepers when they attempt rendering change to the stranger in the shape of half a dozen small notes of all denominations, will certainly determine to smooth those tinily-wrinkled foreheads, and remove the load of care weighing down, only for a moment though it be, the joyous looks of "such a sweet face." It must have been some thought like this which induced a jolly old bachelor at the Gentlemen's Furnishing Department the other evening, to say to the dark-eyed lady, as he handed her a note in payment for purchases, and saw that she looked grievously puzzled to make change, "Madame, it is my earnest wish that youth and beauty never change." Instantly he departed, according to the Marquis GRENOUILLE'S sage maxim—"Leave as soon as you have said a good thing," or, as our friend BROWN improves it—"as soon as you have done one!" H. P. L.

Visitors to the Post-office are requested to observe that,

"You can't do better
Than ask for a letter."

Especially one of the gift persuasion—all of which contain either exquisite French *Gants sachets* or perfumed gloves, photographs, or other luxuries of the season. For the benefit of those who are, like Ourself, "high up in the figures" on morality, and irrepressibly "down on" raffling—and other infinitesimally small vices — we would state that *none* of these letters contain thousand dollar greenbacks —all reports to the contrary notwithstanding. While standing at the "Post Orifice" we commend our readers to buy the "New Book of Nonsense, a Contribution to the Great Central Fair in Aid of the Sanitary Commission," printed by ASHMEAD & EVANS.

To say that this work is good, capital, or any thing else, in one word, is to fall short in praise, our language having been unfortunately "played out" as regards single adjectives, by our friends the reviewers. The pictures have, however, a special dash, and style of humor, which gives the book a strong character, while their excellence, which is almost uniform, is most *admirably* sustained. On opening it, we find that it is in some pictures after the manner of the English Book of Nonsense, while others are in a more varied and piquant style. The first is evidently a hard hit at somebody, representing a fashionable simpleton of the first-class, with the following verse:

A dandy came on from New York,
As pompous and stiff as a stork;
When he said "you don't know,
How to get up a show,"
They just—raffled this dandy from York.

Very good is the highly æsthetic young lady holding a volume of Plato:

There was a young person of Boston,
And the vaguest of doubts she was tossed on;
Of Effect "and of Cause"
She discoursed without pause
This remarkable person of Boston.

Perhaps the most ingenious and delicately humorous picture is that of the young lady from Maine, in which the artist has, with rare tact, presented his subject just in that peculiar quarter profile in which any woman, with a fine bust, seems to be beautiful, however homely she may be in reality. Her *taille* and style are "miraculous."

There was a young person in Maine
Who, although undeniably plain,
Was possessed of such *chic*, that before she could speak,
She "did for" the "male sect," in Maine.

The elderly gentlemen addressing this Maine belle appears to be a portrait of the great exploded celebrity, J. B.; it is, however, a manifest libel on that notorious misogynist, to declare that he was ever "done for" by any lady.

We would say, in conclusion, of this book, that its authors and illustrators have, in all instances, carried out their designs in the true spirit of humor. We *have* seen a work of the same kind, among the many extant, whose writers and artists seemed to have been under the impression that to be *funny* it is simply necessary to be *silly*, and that anything drawn badly is "caricature." From these mistakes the work before us is entirely free.

.....The Floral Exhibition, is very fine indeed; if merit to be the test of luck, 'tis certain to succeed. There all the air is redolent of roses and of pinks, a lovelier show this side of Heav'n was never seen—by Jinks! But we don't believe what somebody told us, somewhere within the hour, that the Floral show folks have obtained the famous Canary flower. Its leaves spring from an egg-like cup, like other flying things, and by and by the thing puts forth a beak and feathery wings. So it goes and grows more like a bird, till, on the appointed day, it spreads its pinions, pipes a tune, and rising flies away.....Please take a look at the Photographs, they deserve it. The labors through which our friends GRAFF & FASSITT passed—their "numerous" hard work and incomparable spirit of would'nt-be-put-down-a-tive-ness (is there any of that word dropped?)—really deserve a first rate notice. .....The annexed is not bad.

THE BEWILDERED DEER.

A friend to one of the gay young bucks that a few weeks since had full range of the square, where we now hold the Fair, sends us the following:

(*The animal speaks.*)
"I don't know what you men are doing,
Building all round *my* private Square;
For me it is n't Sanitary,
Although I know you call it "Fair."

The following notes on the Fair have just been handed us:

"John, love, are'nt you afraid some of these things will go off?" said Mrs. TREMBLE to her good husband in the Arms and Trophies Hall. "Certainly, love, that's what they're put here for—*that* is on the table where the Gettysburg relics are for sale."

"Miss X., told me," wrote Mr. Z., "that if I would come up to the Fair, I should be shown round. This is to certify that in that circular department, the Restaurant, last evening I was shone round." Signed Z.

It was in the Floral Department, near the fountain, talking with a violet sash and beautiful aid-the-flowers-de-camp, that Mr. STEWPED was seen for an instant and heard to ask, "If you was to plant a big bee right there in that ere brown earth, what flower would come up?" For the dictionary's sake we are pained to say this answer is, "honey-sucker!" He asked one man and left. It was this: "If I was to put my old man into a barrel of flour what d'you spose would sprout?" He declared the answer to be: "A White Poppy."

An elderly gentleman, bitterly opposed to waste, expressed his idea that he did'nt see the use of having so many arches in the nave or great Union avenue of the Fair. He intends addressing the following killing line to the architect:

"Insatiate archer would not one suffice?"

....Why don't we have more lady doctors?—read the following from JEAN PAUL:

"If women particularly desire to cure something, I would propose to them, besides souls —for they would be better soul-curesses than the soul-curers are—wounds, as in some Spanish provinces women remove the beard, so should they also remove legs and arms; their hands, so gentle, tender and apt, their keener survey of what is actually before them, and their compassionate hearts would certainly as sweetly heal common wounds as they make those of the heart. Many a soldier, if the female surgeon of his regiment were pretty, would boldly expose himself to wounds, were it only to have them bound by her, or suffer his arm to be amputated by her in order to give her his hand. The blood-fearing eye of woman would become sufficiently hardened, though not so flinty, as that of man; as the Parisian fish-women prove by wounds and blows. Moreover, at this present time, the whole world is forming hardening schools for the feelings—I mean wars."

Exactly. The Great Fair has shown that ladies can do "a'most anything." Once they were almost the principal "leeches" known.

THE "FANCY BALL" AND THE "SKATING POND."

These are institutions of the Great Fair which excite a great deal of enthusiasm among juvenile visitors. Both shows are gotten up on the same principle. A party of puppets, representing persons in the act of dancing or skating, as the case may be, are set in motion upon a revolving floor by means of a crank. All round the sides of the floor are perpendicular plates of looking-glass, two or three feet in height, and by looking in at these, through peep-holes near the top, the reflection and re-reflection in the mirrors of the moving

Two pair of bullet-moulds on exhibition have an interesting history attached to them. They were used by CONVERSE and BETSY BACON and ABIGAIL SMITH, children of and granddaughter of EPHRAIM BACON, of Natick, Massachusetts, who moulded bullets from pewter dishes for the soldiers of BACON and SMITH'S family during the battle of Lexington.

Miss STAFFORD'S collection is very valuable. We have given but a few of the more prominent articles.

In the same department a number of Indian curiosities is exhibited; also goods from Egypt. The remnants of a Hessian flag, captured at the battle of Trenton, are enclosed in a frame and covered with glass. On the same table is "The Christian Quaker and His Divine Testimony Vindicated," by WILLIAM PENN and GEORGE WHITEHEAD, and printed in 1674. This is a rare old volume. PAUL JONES' telescope, and a sword presented by LAFAYETTE to General JAMES GILES, in 1780, are displayed in this department. The table-cloth on which General WASHINGTON and General LAFAYETTE dined is also among these relics. It is in a capital state of preservation, and looks as though it might be able yet to do considerable service.

The New Jersey State Arsenal makes a grand display of arms and trophies. The battle flags of New Jersey Regiments are grouped, and beneath them on the floor are the Rebel flags captured by the New Jersey soldiers. A piece of the flag carried by Company "E," of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, has an interesting history connected with it. In the Shenandoah Valley at Woodstock, this flag headed the charge which dislodged the enemy's battery. At Harrisonburg it was the last color on the field, and near to Captain HARRIS when he fell. At Rappahannock Station the flag was captured by the enemy, but the brave Jersey boys had no notion of parting with their loved banner, and it was soon retaken in a charge made by the company.

But the most precious relic in this collection, especially at this time, when so many patriots have given their lives in defense of the Stars and Stripes, is *the first American flag* ever raised on an American vessel. It was fashioned by the ladies of the Old Swedes Church, Philadelphia, and contains but twelve stars.

It was raised on board the Bon Homme Richard, by PAUL JONES, and afterwards transferred to the ship Alliance. As the Alliance was the first American man-of-war that raised the Stars and Stripes, there can be no doubt but that this flag is the original of our nation's banner.

Major STRIKER has presented the storm flag of Battery Wagner. The Arsenal also exhibits a number of cannons as trophies of the Revolution. One was captured from the British at the battle of Trenton, and one captured at Monmouth and another obtained at Saratoga when BURGOYNE surrendered.

Commodore CHARLES S. BOGGS has given to the State of New Jersey a handsome Mexican saddle, mounted with silver, and made in the most finished style. It is on exhibition. Commodore BOGGS made the request, at the time he gave the saddle to the State, that at the close of the war it should be presented to the soldier or seaman who had proved himself the "bravest Jerseyman." If this be the test, Commodore BOGGS may find the saddle returning to himself. The man who fought the gallant fight on the deck of the sinking "Varuna" is thus far the "bravest Jerseyman."

A large collection of Hessian muskets is also in the Arsenal display.

The visitor to the New Jersey Department should not overlook the Refreshment Stand at the entrance. There is a tempting display of good things spread out, and as the stand seems to be well patronized, we judge the charges are satisfactory.

New Jersey has done well throughout, and her collection will net a large sum to the Sanitary Commission.

Our Daily Fare has received and publishes in this number, an original poem by EMANUEL GEIBEL, the great German poet. In the introduction we have referred to a volume of lyrics by Mrs. ROBERT M. HOOPER. This beautiful little volume entitled, "Poems with Translations," from the German of GEIBEL, and others by LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER, has just been published by F. LEYPOLDT, and is for sale at the Book Table in Union avenue. A comparison of many of the versions with the original indicates the possession, by our accomplished *debutante*, in bound volume literature—(*Daily Fare* has had the pleasure of meeting her many times in the magazines)—of a rare and happy faculty of translating from the German; a *metier* to which—like billiards—many are called and uncommonly few chosen. The *defect* of these is the universal and almost pardonable one of a frequent use of that conventional poetical phraseology and *inversion*, which is destined, in the course of a few years, to be fiercely warred on—the *merits*, those of much ease, a natural affinity for pleasantly toned words and happy sentences, and not unfrequently an unaffected grace, which gives a new charm by association even to the original. If we may venture to be slightly æsthetic, we would say that in the translations, as in the original poems, color is more attractive than design; or, more appropriately, that that musical element manifests itself, which is after all the main difference between poetry and prose—albeit Young England seems determined to eliminate it from the home of song. Faust to Marguerite is, however, a poem finished on both sides—and well finished; so, too, is On a Portrait of Heine, and the King's Ride. This latter poem is, in fact, of striking excellence, though it is far from being alone in this volume in that particular; *Imploro Pacem* being quite as good. We commend this beautiful little book to all friends of good literature.....Speaking of the poetry of Young England, what does the reader think of the following imitation, written for *Our Daily Fare:*

GONAMONE.

(A Poem in the present fashion.)

Grey golden Gonamone, in days of yore,
Did meet beneath the willows on the shore
Of yonder tarn,
One who all dank, and much disconsolate
With turbid eyes did turn him towards his mate,
And thus sang he:
"The grewsome, grey-beard pines,
The livid water lily shrinks,
The sun from his height declines,
The moon at the river drinks;
But where is the fainting gull
Who bathes in the sun's gold waves,
And in the mystic light with weary ceremony laves?"

The orphan porcupine,
Beneath the linden shade,
Set in his eye the glint,
And his dreary moan he made:
And his dreary moan,
All alone,
On his leafy throne,
He made.
The echoing forest groaned
At the dum pool's reply,
And the hissing lightning flashed
In its leap across the sky;
But still the brook flows on,
Till it flows into the sea,
The dark river and the sarcastic sea.
Oh! woe is me,
Gonamone,
I'm alone,
And I die!"

Only the "lush anemone" and the "umbered boles" of trees are left out. English poets seem to be uncommonly fond of "boles," and of "lushing" it.....He who would witness retribution should see the press formerly used by the Secesh for printing their Confederate currency, now at work in Union Avenue striking off engravings of Uncle Abraham Lincoln. "This is, indeed, wengence." ..... *Daily Fare* returns thanks to the unknown but very courteous damsel who sold us a curious fan this morning, made by Secesh prisoners, as she averred, "all out of one piece of wood." That is to say, it was in many pieces, all of which had, however, come from the same plank!..... .The Turkish Divan—called *diwan*, by certain ignorant people—which, by the way, is the *correct* pronunciation—is doing a "big business." Gentlemen desiring a good Havana, or some first-rate Orinoco smoking tobacco, can secure the same at a moderate figure of the dames who wait at the door.

Under the head of "No change for him," we receive the 'next: Visitors to the Fair, by providing themselves with small notes before